

Wichita Daily Eagle

HIS WIFE'S ALARM.

It Was Caused by the Lies of a Rascally Janitor.

"I tell you, boys," said "If I was not a married man, I should go to the races on Monday and put all my money on Basile Dazzle."

"Why don't you?" asked Tom Murphy.

"Why?" said I. "Oh, I'm a married man, and my wife has a horror of the races. I've promised her to keep away from them. A promise is a promise."

"And good enough you've made it, sir," said our old porter. Honest Jim we called him. "Many a man has gone down to ruin and degradation on account of these races. The lady is wise. She is wise. I'm telling you what I mean. Obey the lady, and you'll never see yourself in difficulties."

Honest Jim was fond of giving advice, and he broke up our chat with these words. Murphy and Wiggins went away to get a glass of beer before they parted, and I took the train home.

A brooding storm broke just as I reached my cottage, and glad enough was I to escape it. We had supper together and went into the parlor as usual. What a night it was, to be sure!

A wild night, a bitter night, a night when there seemed to be strange voices in the wind and the howling of the house was likely to fancy knuckles upon their doors and unbolt and unbolt them and cry: "Who is there?" when it was only the blast that had caused them to rattle.

It was on this night that my wife, my little, delicate, beautiful wife, Fleda arose from the fireside and telling me that she would return shortly, left the room.

To leave the room was nothing, but when I heard her leave the house I could scarcely believe my senses. She, who was so timid—she who—why, no, it could not be. I went about the house calling her. I was alarmed, and, fearing to find her lying in a swoon somewhere, carried the lamp low and looked in the parlor, the cellar, the little kitchen where cooking was done in summer—everywhere, in fact.

She was gone, and so was the cloak, that usually hung in a certain place, and a hood she wore about the grounds on cold days. What could have taken her out? Had she heard our pony flapping in the stall or the peep of some stray chicken? Was she anxious about the day-old calf? We had all these rural belongings in the small boundary of our little summer-home.

If so, why did she not mention it to me? It was, no doubt, that cold of mine, which I had made too much fuss about. She went herself rather than to expose me. I tossed on my water-proof coat, pulled an old hat over my ears and went out upon the porch. The lantern was gone.

"Fleda," I cried, lifting my voice, "Fleda, say! Where are you, Fleda?" I heard no sound, but shortly, far along the road, I spied a yellow blur waving near the ground, and knew, when I had watched it for some time, that it was a lantern carried by some one to light her steps along the irregular foot-path.

Shortly I could see the drapery of a woman's dress. It was my wife, returning home. I was certain of that now, and I called to her at once:

"Fleda, why on earth are you straggling about in the storm? Why didn't you send me to do what you wanted done? The wind is strong enough to carry you over the hills. I've been wild about you."

"I did not know the wind was so strong,"

And I asked no more questions. My anxiety for Fleda swallowed up every other thought. However, she was perfectly well and dry, though curiously depressed and abstracted.

I have not yet introduced myself. I am Henry Carrington. My business was that of cashier with the Dayton Brothers. My wife and I lived simply in a tiny out-of-town cottage in summer, in a trailer flat in winter. I had never been extravagant, and my only great folly had been to risk a certain sum of money, left me as a legacy, at the races. I backed the favorite and lost every dollar. Fleda was very much distressed when I told her the news.

"Not at the loss of the money," Henry said, "but that you should risk it at the races. My uncle once employed a young man who became dishonest and was finally arrested because of going to the races and betting and all that. Pray, pray, be careful."

The week passed quietly. Pay night came again. It often happens that the same night is stormy for several succeeding weeks. This night, however, was not as bad as the one on which my story opens. However, it was much more comfortable indoors than out.

And yet, just as I was in the middle of a paragraph I was reading to her from the evening paper, I looked up and saw that Fleda had vanished. Again I searched the house. Again I found that she had left it. Again the yellow light of the lantern told me of her return. She was not out of breath this time, but she was pale and trembled a little. She shook her head when I asked her where she had been, and said:

"Nowhere. The house felt close. I wanted a little air. That is all."

"You did not find what I was reading interesting?" said I.

"I assure you," she began, then broke off suddenly. "Don't talk about it," she cried. "Don't! Don't! I pray, don't talk about it!"

I did not talk, but I thought a good deal, and I had reason to think. Day by day I noticed that Fleda was gradually growing thinner and paler. Her spirits were deserting her. And when the same day of the week came around, she left the house as mysteriously as before. The presence of a guest prevented me from following her, but I discovered that, in order to keep the knowledge of her absence from the house from me, she entered the store-room, climbed out of the window at the risk of her neck and returned in the same manner. Moreover, I discovered on the sill a few scattered coins—a ten-

boisterous 'mongst all the people. It's just as if there was something of a Sunday sacred feeling in the grandness of it all!"

Frugal and hard working and industrious, Eben Jenkins and his wife had found little time for even the simple pleasures within their means. But now there had come to them a privilege passing beyond mere pleasure, and awakening to life the unworried delight of new thoughts and purposes and ideals.

The same earnestness that entered into their daily duties ruled them, in their visits to the various buildings and exhibits. The children asked questions, and the parents answered them as best they could. Every moment of the few days they could spend at this marvelous world gathering, must mean something to all of them. Eben Jenkins was a machinist, and possessed, to a large degree, the inventive faculty. Many were the devices fashioned by his skill, and used by his employers with profit, but thus far they had brought him no financial gain, a never ceasing cause of regret to his wife, who often remonstrated with him, for "upending" so much time even at "something" that didn't bring no pennies to their pockets.

His answer always was, "as sure as I can make it work we'll none of us ever be sorry we come to the world's fair."

"Don't grudge me a little time here, Alvir! This seems to clear up something I've been studying on for ever so long, an' as sure as I can make it work we'll none of us ever be sorry we come to the world's fair."

They had spent nearly a week at the fair, and had but one more day to stay. They had been to Maine's state building, "just to see," they said, "and if it would seem like home, and, sure enough, they fancied that the hills were nearer and that they could almost taste the salt sea breeze. The childhood days came back, and the village schoolhouse under the bending maples and the old-time memories were full upon them, as they sat down to rest, and recall more vividly life's early scenes."

The children, Hiram and Ruth, had wandered a little distance and were talking to a man seated alone upon a bench. "And so you little folks have come to the world's fair?" he was saying to them. "Can't you tell me your names?"

"My name is Hiram Newton Jenkins," responded the boy, "an' my sister's name is Ruthie Newton Jenkins, an' our father an' mother's over there, an' we've all been in the Maine building 'cos they used to live there when they was little, like us."

Suddenly the stranger rose, and, calling to the children, hastened to the place where their parents sat.

"Alvir, have you forgotten me?" Mrs. Jenkins looked up at the bronzed face of the strange man for an instant, and then cried out: "Brother Jacob, that's we're mourned as dead for many years! For all the world, a miracle, an' nothin' else!"

Explanations quickly followed. Jacob Newton had left his home in Maine, long years before for the far west. Sickness and lost letters and removals had followed, and so the brother and sister had drifted apart. This year he had been down to the old home in Maine, and was taking in the fair on his return trip. And still more news he had to tell, about the death of an old aunt who had left three thousand dollars to this brother and sister in case they could be found within two years, failing which, the sum was to revert to a certain charity.

Words cannot paint the blessedness of such reunions. Tenderness and joy and strength spring up like flowers and breathe with beauty life's duties and trials.

"Eben Jenkins," said his wife to him, in tones of unwonted gentleness, "don't you know the hull world seems different from what it ever did before? Sort of swimmin' round in smiles like! An' I'm so glad, it's all come 'bout through us goin' to the world's fair. I never shall feel a bit skerry 'bout your havin' your own way after this!"

"Sometimes, Alvir, I'm thinkin' it ain't our own way we're havin' so much as 'tis the Lord's," said she. "What it the nations to come together an' bring their treasures an' show 'em to each other, an' how can it help bein' a blessing to all who go to seek the knowledge He's set out like a feast before 'em! It's sure enough like settin' down to our Heavenly Father's table an' partakin' of His bounty!"—Ella Dare, in Inter Ocean.

"Why does Russia linger in ignorance?" answered David S. Jordan. "Let me tell you a story. When I was in college at Cornell there came a bright young Russian to study by the name of Dabrolohoff. This young man was of great perceptive powers and deeply interested in the progressive practical sciences and questions. He studied very hard for four years, did much more work than any single term required, and graduated with the honors of his class. He removed to New York and entered into a successful practice of civil engineering. Some time later I learned that he had gone back to his native land. I heard no more of this young man outside of a few scientific articles in some European magazines for nearly ten years. While making a tour of Europe I bethought myself of him, and wondered why his brilliant parts had not long since brought him into prominence. In Russia I made inquiries and there learned that the student had been suspected of treason, tried and sentenced to Siberia, where he had died in filth and chains."

—First Beggar—"Are you kind by nature?" Second Beggar—"No; only by profession."—Drake's Magazine.

The Other Arrangement. Passmore—"So you are married, I hear?" Hippie—"Yes."

"Gone to live with the girl's parents, I suppose?"

"No; they have come to live with me."—Boston Globe.

"Does Irvington keep a carriage since he was married?"

"Oh, yes; I see him wheeling it most every day."—Sparks.

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—Proctor—"Well, it's only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Lenox—"Ah, if it were only a step back again."—Vogue.

—Did your new cook bring good recommendations from her last employer?"

"I'm going to find out as soon as she has an afternoon at home."—Inter Ocean.

—Rosalie—"What makes you think he is in love with you?" Violet—"The first time he called he left his gloves, the second time his cane and last night he forgot his hat."—Vogue.

—A la Bellamy.—Landlady—"Are you a socialist, Mr. Jones?" Jones—"Good heavens, no! Why?" Landlady (severely)—"You seem to think the tablecloth is a communistic napkin."

—Yankee Blade.

—Editor—"Was it this rather a queer ending to this romance—a marriage mentioned?"

—Governess—"You see, my dear, the Antipodes live on the other side of the earth, and they only go to bed when we are getting up." Little Emma—"Then, Frauline, I suppose, my brother Fritz, the student, is an Antipode, eh?"

—Singlar Case of Obscured Vision.—Inebriated Gentleman (who is being assisted into his carriage)—"John, where's the door?" John—"Here, sir—you've got hold of it." Inebriated Gentleman (feebly)—"Yesh, John, I know. Wh—wheresh—carriage?"

—Pick-Me-Up.

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Among the other accomplishments of youngsters, swimming should be regularly taught. There is no telling how soon some accident or incident will place one in a position where ability to handle oneself intelligently in the water may be the means of saving a life. All of us are more or less given to going up and down the world on floating transports of some sort; and to accidents on the water many of us are exposed almost every day. To be able to keep afloat, to have the presence of mind, the nerve, steadiness and the practice that will enable us to help ourselves or our fellows, is something not to be overlooked in the education of the young.

There should be swimming-classes in every community, and what is equally important, the youngsters should be put through the same sort of training as are children in some of the public schools. There is a mock alarm of fire sounded, the children organize and file out rapidly, but with perfect order, and following the most approved methods for safely escaping the danger. It would be well for every swimmer to practice dropping or falling suddenly into the water, or to be thrown in, then let the other members of the class go to the rescue. Of course, the teachers and experts should be on hand in case of accident. It is the person who is in the terror of falling in graves the rescuer and drags both down to death that is the dread of the accomplished swimmer. No matter how strong, no matter what the presence of mind, the dead weight of some panic-stricken creature is a fatal handicap. A few lessons in being rescued from a watery grave might come in as a very useful part of the nautical education of every individual. Fall in, jump in and learn how to be pulled out without harm to yourself or others.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Said One Shopper—"Oh, I saw just the loveliest, sweetest, prettiest baby a minute ago."

"What?" Do you mean to tell me that stupid nurse has dared to bring my little darling out such a day as this?"—Rehebebo Herald.

A Near Rejoinder.

Minnie—I had such a shock last evening. Just as I started to go into the house a great horrid man jumped out from behind a tree and tried to kiss me. What do you think of that?"

Mamie—I think he must have been crazy.—Texas Sittings.

ROYAL SUSCEPTIBILITY.

Some of the Notorious Love Affairs of European Courts.

Nero stole Poppaea from a nobleman of the Roman court, but she acted so badly that one day, in a fit of passion, he kicked her to death.

Alexander the Great had a large number of wives, and was accustomed to reduce them to obedience by using the flat of his sword as a corrective.

Charlemagne never asked the advice of anyone about his love affairs or marriages, but married as he pleased; and when he became tired of his queen, sent her away and took another, in all having five successive wives.

Jerome Bonaparte married against the wish of Napoleon, and afterward, in mean compliance with his brother's wishes, had the marriage annulled in order to win a European crown. His American wife followed him to Europe, but she was not allowed to land on the continent.

Prince Albert, afterward Albert III, of Bavaria, about 1450 fell in love with a barber's daughter. His royal father disapproved his intention of marrying her, and on his refusal, to give her up, sent three or four ruffians who kidnapped her, tied a stone to her waist, and threw her into the Danube.

Peter the Great married by having three hundred of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies from all parts of the empire assembled at Moscow. This extraordinary gathering took place on July 19, 1689, and Peter selected Eudoxia Federovna, of Novgorod, having at that time a weak, wholly platonic, it is believed, for the duke of Buckingham, the English minister. Fired with jealousy, Richelieu ordered Buckingham out of the country. The result was a quarrel, followed by a war, and when Richelieu was besieged and Buckingham was sent out with an army to relieve the Huguenot stronghold, Richelieu contrived that a forged letter, supposed to come from the queen, should be sent to Buckingham asking him to hold back his forces. He did so, Richelieu was taken, and the deluded Buckingham was left to explain matters

The case of Judith and Holofernes was repeated in later days in Sweden. Agnieszka, a Swedish king, made war with a Finnish tribe, and, after subduing them, demanded hostages as security for their good behavior. Among them was a girl named Schialvia, and, taking a fancy to her, Agnieszka married her on the spot. A wedding feast was prepared, at which the king became drunk. Taking advantage of his condition, Schialvia managed, during the night, to hang him to the beam of his own tent and make her escape to her own people.

Theodosius the younger was married by competitive examination. His counselors resolved to provide him with a perfect wife, and made proclamation throughout the empire that all maidens who desired to compete should come to Constantinople and be entered. At that time a young Greek girl named Athenais came to the capital to secure her share of the family estate, and by singular good fortune attracted the attention of an official of the palace, who introduced her to the lady having the contest in charge. She was enrolled with the rest, over six hundred in number, was chosen by the emperor, and soon obtained a complete ascendancy over him. In her old age she was unjustly accused by her enemies and exiled to Jerusalem, where she died.

Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIV., was one of the most lovable characters of her time, but that fact did not prevent her being the cause of serious political complications. Richelieu became enamored of her, but she rejected his overtures, having at that time a weak, wholly platonic, it is believed, for the duke of Buckingham, the English minister. Fired with jealousy, Richelieu ordered Buckingham out of the country. The result was a quarrel, followed by a war, and when Richelieu was besieged and Buckingham was sent out with an army to relieve the Huguenot stronghold, Richelieu contrived that a forged letter, supposed to come from the queen, should be sent to Buckingham asking him to hold back his forces. He did so, Richelieu was taken, and the deluded Buckingham was left to explain matters

James IV. of Scotland lost the battle of Flodden for Lady Heron of Ford castle. Infatuated by her charms, and detained by her entreaties, he remained at the castle, his army idly encamped about its walls, until the English army arrived and took up a favorable position. He then bravely endeavored to amend his fatal error, but the effort came too late, and with most of his nobility the king died on the field.

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